

# GOD'S HIGHWAY

*RIDE TO LIVE, A DIFFERENT TWIST*

Sweetie Pie and I have been riding for almost 35 years now. She had never even been on a motorcycle when we first met, but I fixed that pretty quickly. It wasn't long before she had her first bike, then a bigger one, and so on until we had matching Honda Silver Wing Interstates. We've cruised the highways with the twin bikes, and enjoyed the

comments about the girl riding as well as the guy. She's quite a prize.

After I joined the CMA national staff we began to travel too many miles for Vicky to enjoy her own ride, so she took the back seat on the Harley Electra-Glide Classic. She loved it, and I loved her for loving it too. After more than 200,000 miles we shifted to a Honda Gold Wing GL 1800. No matter what kind of bike we had, we were together and enjoying life.

When I stepped down from the position about a year ago the long trips ended. We had time at home together, and looked in the mirror. The many years of riding had taken their toll on our once amazing bodies. The weight had mysteriously attached itself to us after miles of sitting on the bike, weekends of sitting in meetings at rallies, hours of sitting around campfires and finally centuries of sitting in every imaginable restaurant, eating every imaginable kind of food. Somehow all of this did a number on us. It was time for a change.

The kind of bike we were used to riding was not going to help this condition in which we found ourselves; not unless we pushed it instead of rode it, and that didn't appeal to either of us. Another type of bike was called for now, a human-powered kind. Our grown son had two Trek bikes that he bought with good intentions, but found they required more than good intentions to do any good. It was hard at first, and we had our doubts about how well this would work. Vicky had trouble with the balance and the seating position. Then we visited a local bicycle shop and found a special type that helped Sweetie Pie handle the problems that came from her double-knee replacement surgery. The crank and pedals on this new design were located forward of the seat, making it a little like a chopper. It made all the difference for her, and gave us both the boost we needed to take our over-the-hill bodies back up the hill for another shot at life.

Every other day finds us heading out to local bike paths and sidewalks for exercise. The heat of summer has been harder to handle than the cool temperatures of the Florida "winter". We carry the camelback type water packs on our backs to provide enough hydration to prevent a medical disaster while trying to regain physical health. The short rides are now roughly 11 miles, while the record was 35 miles one sunny day when we felt especially exuberant. We even convinced our grandson, Matthew, to come along for the "fun" of it. He lives 10 miles away, so we rode to his house, picked him up, then rode back with him to our place. It's a family affair now. Biking with a new twist.

No, it isn't the same as motorcycling. The wind in my face is accompanied by the sweat dripping off my nose as well. But the results we sought were achieved. Weight has gone down, clothes fit differently, and muscles are somewhat visible if you look close enough. This kind of biking has done what the other kind couldn't, although it hasn't eliminated the desire to twist the throttle on a mountain road either. I love them both.

We had to take a serious look at what was needed, then pay the price in blood (skinned knees), sweat (lots) and tears (glad we got her the special bike now). I want to spend many more years with my darling, so this was the choice we made, and we're glad of it. "Ride to Live" now has a different meaning for me.

Whether you ride a Harley or a Huff, a Triumph or a Trek, you have a serious need too. God Almighty made you with a purpose and a plan. Bad choices (sin) have ruined the plan. But God has provided a solution. He doesn't require us to shed blood, sweat and tears to somehow please Him. He went to a terrible wooden cross in our place, to pay the price for our stupid choices. Whether you ride the bike paths or the Blue Ridge, you need the Savior, Jesus Christ. Our part is to confess our sin and ask Him to change us from the inside out. He does what you and I could never do. It really works. God's High Way is the only road for me. Sometimes it's God's Bike Path too. See you around the next curve.



*Gary Wadding*

